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The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

By RANDALL PARRISH

Illustrations by C.D. RHODES

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Cane Ridge Meeting House.

The spot where Noreen lay was not fifty feet distant, but my position gave me no glimpse of her through the tangled brush. I must have done, for the sun was high overhead when I finally aroused myself, and arose to my feet. I watered the animals, and seated myself again, this time on a flat stone beside the stream. Surely I had never been here before, even in the days of my boyhood's vagrant tramping, and yet that terraced crest, with the huge rock chimney rising conspicuous at its center, revived a recollection that would not be entirely denied. I had seen it before, but from another angle—from the south; from that hillside, perhaps, where the creek leded. Why, that was Cane Ridge!

I do not know why I laughed, but I did—perhaps it was from sudden relief at thus discovering exactly where we were, and seeing clearly the easier way out. The sound of a foot stepping on a round stone caused me to face about. Noreen was within a few feet of me, higher up on the bank, one hand holding back the tangle of a tree.

"Why were you laughing?" she asked. "I thought you had gone until I heard that sound."

"I had to laugh when the truth finally came to me; that is Cane Ridge."

"Where—where the Baptist church is?"

"Exactly; where Parson Nichols points out to his congregation the straight and narrow way. There is a bridge path yonder leading up from the valley, which will save us a detour. But it means we are still in Cowan's country, and to climb there with horses will require the use of daylight."

"You think Anse—"

"Is probably back before this, and doing his best to trail us. Even if he does not discover the body of old Ned, he will naturally conclude we will head east. My only hope is that, not having seen us last night, he may imagine we chose the southern route, and ride there first. But if he did, doubtless he would send some one of his men scouting this way."

"You have heard—seen nothing?"

"No, we are too far back; the noise of an army passing along the pike would not reach here. If we get to Cane Ridge church before dark, we must trust to luck, and the night for the next thirty miles."

"You fear Cowan's gang more than the troops? Surely they will pursue?"

"No doubt; Pickens will be raving, and Raymond crazy to get hand on me. As I there will be some galloping of troops. I should have liked to see Fox's face when he heard the news. By heavens! they are like enough to charge him with conspiracy, for he was officer of the day. However, I do not greatly fear them; they will make noise enough to warn us, and couldn't track a bear. It is the mountain men we must guard against; they are wolves. You sleep well?"

"After the first half hour, I am rested; and strong. Shall we go now?"

"When we have eaten. There may be no other opportunity, and there is ample time."

We sat over the poor meal a long while, talking like old friends, laughing over revived memories, almost forgetting that we were fugitives, our very lives at stake. Twice we heard guns, but the reports were but distant echoes, sounding far off to the westward. Yet these made me nervous to get away, and when a number sounded together—almost a volley, distinctly audible, I hastened to pack what little remained of food on our horses, and led the way, fording the shallow stream, and guiding my horse up the opposite bank into the deep shadow of the woods beyond. The summit of the hill was open, except for a considerable grove to the rear of the church. That edifice appeared, as I remembered it, unchanged in any respect—a fairly large building, constructed solidly of logs, with square, clapboarded tower to front, four windows on each side, containing small panes of glass, a number of them broken. We were at the rear, which showed a larger window, and a narrow door at one corner, protected by a porch. It appeared desolate and deserted, the loneliness accentuated by the empty blighting racks on either side.

We advanced side by side along what was once a well-trodden path, making no attempt at concealment. Indeed, any such effort would have been useless, as the crest of the ridge lay open, and bare of vegetation, but I was so fully convinced we were unobserved that I took no precaution—my entire thought, indeed, centered upon the girl at my side.

The heavy latch of the front door lifted easily to the pressure of my hand, and we stepped into a narrow vestibule, Noreen grasping my arm nervously, as she faced the shadowed interior of the deserted building. Some instinct of caution caused me to close the door behind us, and then I drew her forward, laughing at her fears, until we obtained glimpses of the larger room, already becoming obscured by the approaching night. It was a rather shabby-looking place, not overly clean, even in that merciful dimness. Rude benches, without backs, stretched at most from wall to wall, a narrow aisle leading to the pulpit, set within an alcove, and scarcely discernible except

in barest outlines. I recognized a big Bible, lying open on the giant pulpit stand. A book of some kind, dog-eared and coverless, lay on the floor at my feet, and I bent to pick it up. As I came upright again, a man stepped from the shadow of a corner, and the steel barrel of a revolver flashed before my eyes. I felt Noreen cringe against me, uttering a muffled cry.

"Stand as you are, Yank," said a rather pleasant voice. "Pardon me, lady."

He was a young fellow, with bold, black eyes, a little, faintly mischievous, and a mouth inclined to laugh, but what I started at in open-eyed astonishment, was his broad-brimmed hat and dandy gray cavalry jacket.

"Some surprise party, I reckon," he chuckled grimly. "Here, Wharton, kindly relieve the gentleman of his arsenal; take the lady's gun, also. It's all right, boys."

To my unbounded amazement, up from the floor, where they had been lying concealed beneath the benches, a number of men came scrambling to their feet. Those nearest me were gray clad troopers, with carbines in their hands.

"Who, in heaven's name, are you?" I asked, at last finding my voice. "Confederates here?"

"Your first guess is an excellent one," he answered lightly, evidently enjoying the scene. "You have the honor of being prisoner to the Third Kentucky cavalry. Wharton!"

"Yes, sir," the sergeant advanced. "Conduct the lady and gentleman to the sanctity of the pulpit, sergeant, where they may commune with the presiding genius of this house of worship erected in the wilderness."

"You mean you hold prisoner Parson Nichols?" I asked.

"No doubt 'tis he. We discovered the party alone here, and held him for the pleasure of his company."

"Just a moment, Lieutenant," and I faced him squarely, ignoring the grip of Wharton's hand on my arm. "There is no reason to hold us prisoners; all there is Yankee about me is this uniform. I have just escaped from the Federal guard at Lewisburg."

His eyes, laughing, yet suspicious, swept our faces.

"I'm not easily fooled," he said, "but ready enough to learn. Who are you?"

"Thomas Wyatt, sergeant, Staunton horse artillery."

"By all the gods, it soundeth strange. How came you here?"

"On Jackson's orders. I was born in this county, and because of that he chose me to find out the numbers and disposition of the Federal troops in this neighborhood, together with some other facts he wished to know. I was captured in Federal uniform, and held under death sentence as a spy. I escaped last night."

"And the woman?"

She threw back the cape which had partially concealed her face, revealing her bright eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Permit me to answer for myself, Lieutenant Harwood."

"Noreen Harwood! Why, it takes me off my feet. How comes it you are here?"

"My father is dead," she answered simply, the brightness vanishing from her face. "He was killed only a few days ago."

"I regret to learn that, cousin," and he held out his hand. "Who is this man, and why are you here with him?"

"He has told you the truth," she answered quietly, her hand still within his. "I have known him from childhood. I—I am his wife."

There was a moment of silence, of hesitation. I heard the soldiers moving about the room, and the murmur of voices speaking cautiously. Then Harwood released her hand, and extended his own to me, his eyes frank and cordial.

"I accept you on faith, comrade," he said pleasantly, "but there is a spare gray jacket strapped to my saddle fender more becoming than that blue coat. Salut Christopher! but 'tis a most happy family reunion we have; I'll want the story presently, but now I must look to my men. 'Tis no easy game we are playing."

"Let me understand that, Lieutenant," I exclaimed, as he turned away. "How does it happen you are here, and for what purpose?"

"A wild plan of my own, aided and abetted by the commander at Corning. We are of the garrison there," he explained briefly, his glance searching out the dim interior. "The Yankees have a forage train out as far as Hot Springs. I got permission for a dash to cut them off. We took the cut-off, and landed here about daylight. The train should have been along before now, but there is no sign of it."

"You have been in hiding here all day, and seen nothing?"

"Oh! we've seen enough," and he laughed. "But nothing we cared to measure swords with. The road yonder appears popular, but, by good luck, no Yankee shows an eagerness to attend church. There was a gang of mountain men along by here maybe two hours ago who rode up to the door, and took a look at the shabaz. Whether they were Yank or Red I didn't know. Anyhow, we were willing enough to see them pass on out of sight. They looked and talked as though they were spilling for a fight."

"How many?"

"Thirty or forty—a right smart crowd. There were only two came up, and rode round the church—a big fellow with a red beard, and a little fellow-faced fox he called Kelly."

"Yes, I know them; they were hunting for us. Did they go on east?"

"They did. So has everyone else we've seen today. That's what puzzled us, as to just what might be up. I reckon you must be some popular to create such a furore. Why, an hour after sunset a whole damn company of bluecoats went by, riding like mad, their horses dripping, and a young fellow sporting them on. He'd lost his hat, and they never so much as look a side look at this place. They were in some hurry, my friend."

"And neither party has returned?"

"Not a sign of them."

"What force have you here?"

"Twenty-eight enlisted men."

"You have pickets out?"

"One man each way, a mile down the road, concealed. The lower up there commands the country in both directions."

"And your horses?"

"Hidden in the grove yonder."

I grasped the situation clearly enough, and also comprehended the reckless nonchalance of the officer. What was his purpose—his present plan? It appeared to me that the conditions warranted a retreat, back along the unfrequented mountain trail by which this daring party of adventurers had come. The troops, as well as the guerrillas, must have discovered by this time that we were not in advance of them. They would return searching every nook and corner in hope of discovering our hiding place. They might even unite their forces, impelled as they were by the same desire, and thus become truly formidable. Personal hatred of me and the wish to regain possession of Noreen, would animate and control both Anse Cowan and the sergeant, Lieutenant Harwood.

While neither would likely confess his purpose to the other, yet their mutual interests would naturally suggest an alliance. And there was no war feared between the two which would necessarily prevent their cooperation. Indeed, the troopers would gladly welcome any excuse which would bring Cowan's gang of outlaws into closer connection. And the outfit would never pass by this church again without searching its interior. Only eagerness, a haste to overtake us in our attempted flight, had led to their blind riding by before. I turned to Harwood, who was whispering nonsense to Noreen.

"What do you mean to do, Lieutenant?" I asked quietly, but with my own mind made up. "Remain here!"

He stroked his small mustache.

"I thought we might hang on until midnight, Wyatt, and then, if nothing happened, take the back trail. I don't want to pass another day in this cursed hole. What do you think?"

"That the sooner we get away the better," I answered promptly. "Your position here is far more dangerous than you appear to realize. Both those parties traveling east were in search after us; they were led by men who would go to any extreme to effect our capture. I haven't time to tell you the whole story now, but it involves your cousin as well as myself. They rode straight on because they were convinced we were still ahead of them. 'Tis likely they know better now, and will search every ravine and covert on their return. If the forage train is moving this way those cavalrymen are with it in addition to the regular guard, and you will never dare attack with your small force. The only chance you have of bringing your command safely back to Corvinton, Lieutenant, is to get away before your presence here is suspected."

"I suppose that's right," he admitted reluctantly. "But I don't like to turn tail without hitting a blow—it's not the style of the Third Kentucky. We could give a good account of ourselves against those Yankee troopers."

"Possibly; but not against a combination of troopers, wagon guard, and Cowan's gang of guerrillas. They would outnumber you four to one; and they are fighting men."

"You think they will combine?"

"If they meet, and there is an explanation—yes. Cowan doesn't care which side he fights on, so he gains his end, and the cavalry commander will welcome any reinforcements. They might quarrel later over results, but now they possess a common object, and will be like two peas in a pod. Do as you please, Harwood, but I am not under your command, and if you choose to remain here, we will ride on alone. Will you go with me, Noreen?"

She had not spoken, and in the fast-increasing gloom I could scarcely distinguish her presence. But at my direct question she took a step toward me, and I felt the presence of her hand on my sleeve.

"Yes," she said simply, "whenever you think best. Cousin," she added, glancing across her shoulder at the perplexed officer, "I would like you to come too."

He laughed, wheeling about in sudden decision.

"I reckon I might as well," he admitted good-humoredly. "Wharton, have the pickets drawn in, and the men mustered. 'Well start—Great God! What is that?'"

It was the sound of a scattered volley, the pieces not all of the same caliber, the reports ringing clear. In the instant of silence which followed a voice called down excitedly from the tower:

"There is firing to the east, sir."

Harwood swore as he strode across to the nearest window on that side. Except for a faint tinge of light in the west, and a half moon in the southern sky, we were enveloped in darkness, but we all of us heard the sounds of hoofs and the approaching rumble of wagon wheels. Harwood turned and faced toward:

"It's the forage train, boys," he said sharply, "with a bunch of cavalry riding ahead. Get to the windows, but be quiet about it—you know the orders. Wharton, have the men loaded; cooie with me, Wyatt, where we can see out in front."

Noreen clung to me as I groped my way through the narrow door into the vestibule.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Trap Closes.

The lieutenant's fingers gripped my shoulder.

"By the Lord Harry, the fellows make a fine target for an army," he whispered. "I reckon they are all dead."

"No doubt of it—how is your ammunition?"

"Steady, steady to a man," he checked. "It will cost them something to get through these logs with still, we haven't much chance in the end," he added thoughtfully. "But they're bound to get us. Generally I pray for a fight, but now I hope these Yanks will be kind enough to ride by."

"And so do I," I answered softly, feeling the quick pressure of Noreen's fingers. "There they come, Harwood—see two horsemen ahead."

They were merely black shadows outlined against the white road, but as they drew somewhat closer the moonlight gave them substance. One was slender, sitting straight in the saddle, but the other slouched awkwardly over his pommel, a larger, more shapeless figure. In the distance, down the steep slope of the hill, appeared the deeper shadow of an advancing column of mounted men. The only sound was the impatient pawing of a horse's hoof and Noreen's whisper in my ear:

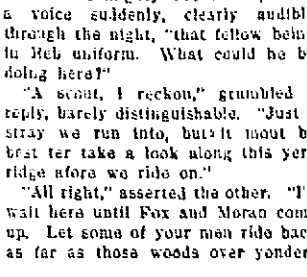
"The—bigger one is Anse Cowan."

"And the other Raymond," I returned in the same low tone. "The two have apparently got together."

"It looks mighty odd to me," said a voice suddenly, clearly audible through the night, "that fellow being in Rebel uniform. What could he be doing here?"

"A scout, I reckon," grumbled a reply, barely distinguishable. "Just a stray we run into, but it must be that he take a look along this yonder ridge afore we ride on."

"All right," asserted the other. "I'll wait here until Fox and Moran come up. Let some of your men ride back as far as those woods over yonder;



"He has told you the truth," she answered quietly.

and say, it wouldn't do any harm to take a look inside the church. You didn't stop coming out?"

"Now," we didn't stop for nothing. We thought the way you fellows was riding y'd had a hot trail, an' so yo rode like hell ter get in at the death. 'Tain't likely that's anyone inside the meetin' house, but I reckon we may as well be sure as long as we're here. No damn fool would hide this close ter the pike. That you, Kelly?"

There was a meaningless growl from an advancing group of horsemen, and Anse swore, spurring his horse forward to meet them.

"By God, Kelly: I've had enough of your damned growl. Either you'll do as I say, or I'll carve the side of your head in, and have done with it. I've had enough, do you hear? I reckon I'm just as interested in overhauling that cuss as you are. Now you obey my orders, an' be quick about it; give me another line of back talk, you Irish bastard, an' I'll blow the whole top of your head off! You're what? Joking! Well, let up on that kind, will you? I'm in no humor for it. Take three or four men, and ride over the ridge, back as far as the rock. 'Tis sojers are goin' ter halt yere a minute."

Kelly and his little squad trotted past us, circling the end of the building, the remainder of the group of horsemen, evidently composed of Cowan's gang of cutthroats, scattering along the roadside, with no semblance of military discipline. Raymond touched spur to his horse's flanks, and went trotting back down the road, as though intending to intercept the advancing column, which was not yet visible. Cowan looked after him with a sneer.

"The d—d dandy," he growled to a man just behind, gesturing with one hand. "I don't take orders from nothin' like that. Would you, Jim?"

"I should say not," responded the other, spitting into the road. "Whatever got us tied up yere with these Yankees, Anse, anyhow! I done thought as how we was fightin' against the blue-bellies a bit ago; an' now we're as thick as two peas. Did yer git yer price?"

Cowan laughed grimly.

"That ain't no occasion for yer ter worry, Jim," he confessed, evidently willing the others close about should hear. "We ain't tied up with no Yanks, 'cept fer maybe a few hours. Hell! that wasn't nothin' else ter do, but be friendly. There was thirty of us runnin' kerpump inter that bunch of cavalrymen, with ther wagon train a-counin' a hundred yards away."

"We weren't in no shape for ter fight about a hundred an' fifty sojers, I reckon, tho', we'd a had to if that young poppinix had been in com-

mand. He ain't got the sense to be a first horse. But Cap Fox, he rode out, an' we sawer talked it over. He done told usry blime that toward me since our first night, but he's a sojer, an' he knows what Rammer wants. There's what I builded on, for I know the general had gave his orders an' we every means possible the get us ter help out the Talle. So I just up an' told ther cap that we was out handin' for ther name father he was; that my father had been killed, an' I reckon the Reb army did it, an' that from now on we was goin' ter set foot on ther side. I done reckon as how he believed much of what I red, but all ther same, he had ter peered he did, an' let us go long without no fightin'. So he done sent us on ahead, an' sent ther young snip along ter ter watch me. That's the low it happened."

"I see, an' former we leave ther holdin' the bag—Holla, Ansel, look ther—th's Kelly comin' back, an' by jinks! he's leadin' two bosses."

Anse swung down to the ground, and ran his hands over the animals, angling the equipment.

"Didn't the lieutenant say that the spy an' the girl got off on horses, hatched by the hotel?"

"I didn't hear tell."

"Well, I did; anyhow they wasn't any horses they took. By God! I believe they're hidin' now in that church. Here, you Kelly," a new, exultant tone in his voice, "scatter your men out around ther whole buildin'; we've freed our game, I reckon."

The guerrillas came forward on foot, running, and scrambling up the incline, but inclined to keep well back from the silent church. Jim was clattering down the pike, the clang of his horse's hoofs dying away in the distance. Harwood dropped his gripping hand from off my shoulder, and stopped back from before the window.

"Sergeant."

"Here, sir," and Wharton moved slightly in the darkness, so as to signify his whereabouts.

"You attended to the door?"

"Yes, sir; we found an old iron bar to it across; they'll have to crush in the wood to get through."

"Let Johnson and Melvaine join me here; what is the name of that lad I was going to recommend for corporal?"

"O'Hare, sir; Jacob O'Hare."

"Put him in command of the south side, and you take the north; place benches to stand on under the windows, but keep your men down until you get the word. There is to be no firing until I give the order. Tell them they have got to fight for their lives. You understand?"

"Yes, sir; we'll do that, sir."

"Then get to your stations. Now, Wyatt, you command at the other end; there are two windows and a door. Here, take this gun and belt; I can get another." He stopped, and drew in a quick breath, glancing out again through the window.

"Friend Cowan—if that be his name—seems to be waiting for the military to come up," he commented mockingly. "Prefer to let the Yanks pull his chestnuts out of the fire. Perhaps he has known you a long while—hey, Wyatt?"

"The acquaintance has been rather brief, but warm."

"No doubt; well, I'll help make it warmer presently."

"Fair cousin, I do not know where to hide you in safety. This is going to be a real fight, or I am greatly mistaken, and bullets fly wild through the dark."

"If it is left to me," she said quietly, "I prefer to go with Tom Wyatt."

"But you do not understand," I broke in hastily, my pulses throbbing at her unexpected decision. "They may attack—"

"Oh, yes, the lady does, Wyatt," chuckled the lieutenant, his reckless good nature in no wise lost by the desperation of our position. "She is a Harwood, that's all. Hullo! here comes the cavalry! Now, men, to your posts—and stand up to the music."

I caught her hand in mine.

"You—you mean that, Noreen?"

"Yes; do not refuse. I am not afraid," she implored. "Take me with you."

We came to the platform, and fell our way up the steps. It was darker here, yet my eyes, accustomed to the gloom, caught glimpses of crouching figures beyond the pulpit. Outside, sounding some distance away, Kelly's sharp, penetrating voice shouted an order, accompanied by an oath. One of the kneeling figures rose slowly until his eyes were even with the window sill.

"Men," I said quietly, barely loud enough to reach their ears. "I am a sergeant in the Staunton horse artillery. Your lieutenant has just assigned me to take command at this end of the church. How many are there of you?"

"Ten, sir," answered the one nearest, after a pause, turning his head slightly. "Three at each window, and four at the door."

"You have a prisoner, I understand."

He gave a muffled laugh, as though stifling an impatient laugh.

"Nuthin' ter worry 'bout; he's lyin' over ther in the corner with Jack Gold a-guardin' of him. I reckon the cuss likes prayin' better ner fightin' any day of ther week."

"All right," I dropped my voice to a whisper. "Noreen, it will give us an extra fighting man if you will keep an eye on Nichols, and we'll need them all. I shall be less a coward if I believe you out of danger."

"A coward—you! Yes, of course, I will go."

I stepped across the platform, holding her arm.

"Gold, the lady will watch the prisoner; you join the others at the door."

He moved off, evidently glad enough to be relieved, and I stood erect where I could gaze out through the nearly window into the moonlight night without. I had a moment in which to think, to gather my scattered wits together, to face the situation. Nighly no the tramp of approaching horsemen sounded along the pike, the grunt

time of an occasional voice, the clank of accoutrements. Then this noise ceased, as the head of the cavalry column came up to where Cowan and his men waited. I could barely make out the murmur of voices in explanation, muffled by the sound of approaching wheels, suggesting the slow advance of the mounted warriors. I brand my fingers green, yet the moonlight revealed more numerous figures in the line stretching across the open space.

"There's seven out that way, sir," whispered the man next the window, dropping his gun nervously. In a clink of steel, they were gone, how many that got?

"Only to guess at it—a couple of hundred, altogether. I should say—eight to make it interesting."

I leaned forward, attracted by the sight of two figures standing together in the full gleam of the moon. Cowan and Raymond. As they were to command the rear attack, while Fox and the infantryman remained out in front.

"Have you counted the fellows out there?" I asked.

"Fout fifty, hear as I kin make out; they're movin' round now, an' the light is damned bad."

"Then the main body is still in front, and that is where the fight will likely begin. Have the word no firing until you get the order."

I stepped back, whispering a word to Noreen as I passed, and took place beside the pulpit, where I could see and hear something of what was about to transpire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Drills Tiny Holes.

Making an adding machine required the drilling of ten holes in a steel plate a thirty-second of an inch thick, each hole to be accurate to a thousandth of an inch, yet no bigger than a pin in diameter. Such a problem stopped the manufacture of the machine on a commercial basis until the inventor of the calculator could invent a means of solving it.

The machine devised stands but twelve inches high. The drill which was built carbon ten spindles, each holding a drill of No. 6 Morse gauge, which is about the size of a pin of ordinary use. Each little silver of steel that does the work is driven by a belt operating through a cam head and therefore works at the same speed as that of its neighbors.

The actual drilling requires ten seconds.—Illustrated World.

Two Coyotes.

"We watched two coyotes in captivity the other day," said a man interested in humane work. "They were of the same age, of the same parentage on both sides. They have been nearly a year confined in the cage. One of them, the male, is as restless a creature as one might ever see, almost never quiet, hurrying back and forth with rapid steps from one end of the cage to the other, apparently never freed from fear, the eye restless and wild. The other, the female, is as gentle as a dog, likes to lean against the bars and be petted, is without fear, a restful, and one might imagine, a contented animal. Here is the old question of heredity. Families of humans present the same problem."—Detroit Free Press.

Turks' Names For Greeks.

The Turks have definite names for the Greeks who inhabit Ottoman territory and for those who are their own masters. The latter are Yunan and their country Yunanistan—names derived from "Ionia"—while the Greeks and Turks are Rum. By origin this is simply "Romans" and is an inheritance from the Byzantine days, when the inhabitants of Constantinople, the new Rome, were called Romaloi, while the provincials were known as Helladikoi. "Rum" was the conquering Turks' name for the Byzantine empire. It survives in Roumelia, while the popular Greek language of the present day is still known as Romanic. But every Greek, in Greece or in Turkey, calls himself a Hellene.—London Spectator.

A Mistake Somewhere.

TO SHUT VOLCANOES.

Startling Discovery Made by An Australian.

Volcanoes are not only dangerous, says the New York Times, but they are also very fertile. A New Zealand man, who has been in the East for many years, has discovered a method by which volcanoes may be extinguished quickly and safely. He has discovered that the active volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands are not only dangerous, but they are also very fertile. He has discovered that the active volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands are not only dangerous, but they are also very fertile.

That a liquid has been discovered that will extinguish these volcanic eruptions of the Hawaiian Islands, is not only a discovery, but it is also a discovery. It is a discovery that will extinguish these volcanic eruptions of the Hawaiian Islands, is not only a discovery, but it is also a discovery.

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Time Table in Effect September 20, 1915. Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 8.15, 9.10, 10.05 a.m., 1.10, 2.05, 3.05, 7.10, 8.05 p.m. Sundays—Leave Newport 8.15, 9.10, 10.05 a.m., 1.10, 2.05, 3.05 p.m.

Permons as Food. The only fruit, says a bulletin of the department of agriculture, which equals the persimmon in its value as a food is the date. Nevertheless many persons with fine persimmon trees in their possession are allowing the fruit to go to waste, either through ignorance of the many uses to which it may be put or through prejudice.

One reason for the neglect of this fruit is the mistaken idea that persimmons are unfit to eat until they have been touched by frost. As a matter of fact, much of the best fruit is lost every year because it ripens and falls to the ground, where, not being touched by frost, it is left to rot. Such persimmons as are not edible before frost comes are a late variety of the fruit, and the reason that they rot is because the mouth is because they have not yet ripened. In general, the best fruit is that which ripens just before the leaves fall.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

His College Handicap. "I remember when it was really a disadvantage to have had a technical education," said John Hays Hammond. "I remember going to one of the large mining magnates of the day in California, who had got his information and experience by hard knocks, and asking for a job. He said: 'There is one serious objection to you. You have been at Prellburg, and you know you have to learn a good deal when you get into active practice.' I am sorry to say there is a great deal of truth in that too. 'Well,' I said, 'I will tell you in confidence, but do not repeat this to my poor father, who has made every sacrifice to send me abroad for a technical education. I did not learn a confounded thing at Prellburg.' Then he said, 'I will take you. And that was the first job I ever got.'"

The Line of Chancery. Most of the old lines of chancery are now gone. Chancery Lane, where Parliament and Blackwell Street and the church of St. Dunstons, New Inn, of which Sir Thomas More was a member; Lyon's Inn, where Coke once taught the students; Parson's Inn, where Charles Dickens lived; Thavet's Inn, which was one of the oldest of all the legal settlements in London; Barnard's Inn, where Lord Chief Justice Holt was among the "principals"; all these historic places have "in the change and chance of time" disappeared from view. St. Dunstons remains in its ancient state by the good will of the insurance company that purchased it a number of years ago.—London Law Journal.

Good Reason. In his book about his distinguished father this son of Louis Agassiz tells a story that relates to the life of the great scientist in America. A few years before his death he came into his house in Cambridge delighted with an occurrence he had just seen in Boston. A carriage plunging through the crowd had knocked down a woman. Her escort proceeded to pursue the driver. "But why," asked the historian, "didn't the owner come to his driver's assistance?" "Oh," exclaimed Agassiz, "I was holding him."

Wasted Apology. "One day," says a London Journalist, "the late Walter Emanuel called on me and chatted delightfully. After half an hour the humorist said he must go and apologized for having wasted so much valuable time."

"Don't mention it," I rushed to reply. "It has been a pleasure."

"Oh, it's not your valuable time I'm thinking of," said Mr. Emanuel as he picked up his hat. "It's mine!"—Exchange.

Caffeine. Caffeine, the active principle of coffee, was discovered by Runge in 1820. In a pure state it takes the form of long silky needles. In ordinary coffee it is present to the extent of about 1 per cent, but Java coffee contains 4.4 and Martique has as much as 6.4.

Setting Her Right. Aunt Rachel—I see you've patched it up with Archie and he's coming here again oftener than ever. He's asked you to marry him fifty times, hasn't he? Miss Mandy—Oh, dear, no, aunt, but I suppose he has asked me fifty times to marry him.

Where Are They? Where are those musical children of yesterday whose musical education was complete when they had learned to play "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Monastery Bells"?—Life.

I'll bind myself to that which, once being right, will not be less right when I shrink from it.—Kingsley.

If You Fell Off the Earth. After you have learned that the earth is spinning through space at a great top and that we are all living on the outside of this top you probably wonder where we would all go if we fell off. The earth itself has enough power of attraction to keep everything on its surface from falling off.

Now, just imagine that this power of attraction stopped altogether. If that happened and you were indoors your head would hit the ceiling. If you were out of doors you would go straight up into the sky for a long time, and gradually you would begin to move slower and slower and slower, for the resistance of the air would retard you. At last you would come to a stop, and there you would stay. And very cold you would find it.

If the air did not resist, with the least little jump you would go sailing off into space. That is the only way you could fall off the earth, when the earth's attraction stopped and when the air did not resist.—Exchange.

Academic Dress. Academic dress is a sort of scholar's badge consisting of gowns, hoods and caps, copied or adapted from styles long prevalent in England, the combination of articles being so arranged as to indicate the degree or academic status of the wearer. The code was formulated by an intercollegiate college commission chartered by the University of New York and has been adopted in many American colleges. There are three distinct types of gowns and hoods—the bachelor's, the master's and the doctor's. The bachelor's gown is most commonly worn and has long pointed sleeves; the master's gown has long closed sleeves with a slit through which the forearm protrudes; the doctor's gown has velvet bands on round open sleeves and velvet facings down the front. Caps worn with such gowns are the regulation mortar boards with black silk tassels.—Philadelphia Press.

Chinese Architecture. The monuments of China are among the most conspicuous in the world. Interpreted broadly they range from a coin or an oracle bone to the Great Wall. China has more than 2,000 important specimens of the pagoda, an original form of tower architecture unsurpassed for beauty by any similar kind of structure. The Paochen tower at Nanking deserved to be ranked with the wonders of the world, and for reasons which made it the superior of the so-called seven wonders. Chinese sculpture has never been surpassed, and there is no evidence in mundane art to show that it ever will be. There is a single fragment in the Metropolitan museum in New York—a stone head of the Tang period—whose grandeur of plastic mastery since its appearance has conferred distinction upon the sculpture of the world.—Journal of the American Asiatic Association.

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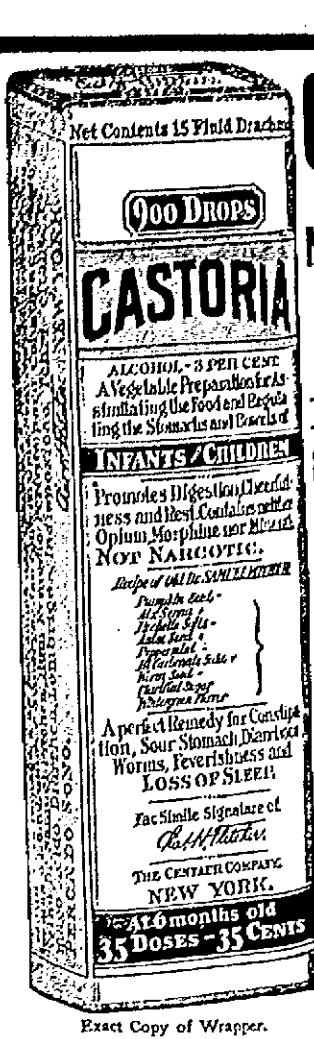
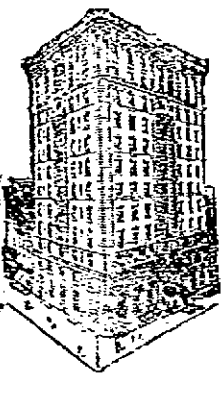
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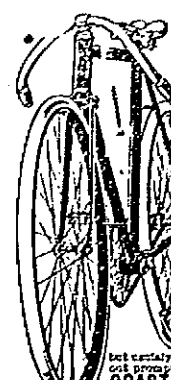
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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, February 26, 1916

The New Haven Company have restored all its workmen in its various shops to full time. This effects several thousand men.

Congressman Gardner showed very plainly that he is well acquainted with the needs of the U. S. Navy. His address on preparedness was an eye opener to many people.

There are now building in the various ship yards of the country two hundred and fifty two ships of more than a thousand tons burden. The average size is about 5000 tons. There is work enough on hand to keep the yards going for about three years.

Ex-Senator Root said in his address in New York the other day that this nation is rapidly "blundering into war." It takes no prophet to see that he was correct in this statement. If there ever was a blundering administration this one is it.

There is a big movement underway to get out a big registration this year, politically speaking this will be a most important year and it stands everywhere in hand to see that his name is on the voting list so that he can exercise the right of suffrage when the elections come off.

The Providence Journal has discovered more plots that they claim the German Ambassador is hatching. If Count von Bernstorff was guilty of quarter the plots the Journal charges him with, then the Washington Administration is guilty of gravely criminal negligence in not giving him his return papers to Germany.

A Senate Administration leader said Saturday: Roosevelt will be the Republican nominee. I have felt it was inevitable for some time. Democrats should not look upon possibility of his nomination with indifference or joy. "The Democrats generally hope to see Roosevelt nominated but in this we think they are doomed to disappointment."

The preparedness program when carried out will call for a standing army of 150,000 men; federalization of national guard of the various states; organization of a volunteer corps, through civilian training camps, to number between 75,000 and 100,000, to make coast defense armament the "most efficient in the world," and initiation of Administration's five-year naval program providing for the first year two battle ships, two battle cruisers and auxiliary ships.

Henry Ford is preparing to launch a country-wide campaign of newspaper and magazine advertising against the program for the huge naval and military expenditures now before Congress. Ford can spend his money with the newspapers if he wishes to do so. That will be no more than justice, for the papers have given him millions in free advertising, but the expenditure will not have much effect on the preparedness programme. The people generally have come to the conclusion that much valuable time has already been wasted and that the country cannot begin too soon to put itself where it could make a show, at least, of defence from an attack from any foreign nation.

The Boston American sometimes has a good thing. Last Sunday the paper devoted a page to President Wilson's record. They give a picture of a turn-of-style and the banners on it represent Wilson's double position since he has been President. One half contains the banners labelled, "Anti-Preparedness," "Woman Suffrage," "Tariff Commission," "Against Initiative Referendum," "Second Term," "No Canal Tolls." The second half represents, "Preparedness," "Anti Woman Suffrage," "No Tariff Commission," "Initiative Referendum," "No Second Term," "Canal Tolls." It shows that Wilson has taken both sides of every important question that has come up since he has been President.

Of course every item in the state appropriation bill was passed. What was the use of being miserly when the rich city of Providence could be made to pay tribute whenever money might be needed.—Prov. News.

The above statement is like many emanating from the Providence papers. It is absolutely incorrect. According to the last census Providence has a population of 224,325 and paid last year a State tax of \$319,773.88, equal to \$1.42 for each individual, Newport with a population of 27,149 pays a State tax of \$71,955.80 or \$2.57 per capita. Who pays the biggest share of the State tax? If these figures were carried to the country towns, it would be found in many instances that the people pay per individual a much larger share of the State tax than do the people of Providence. The papers in that city like to have it understood that they are the State of Rhode Island. Like the ancient Romans all outside territory was barbarian country to the people of their city. So with many people of Providence; the only place in Rhode Island that counts is embraced within the limits of that city. It may seem singular to those people that the rest of the State will not admit their claim, but somehow those of us who are so unfortunate as to live outside their sacred precincts think we are entitled to some consideration.

The U. S. Weather Bureau.

Prof. Mayrin, the new chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau, recently entered the public press with a severe criticism of all long range weather forecasts. We do not wish to retaliate but it would appear cowardly not to reply. The records being made by that institution are indispensable and will continue to increase in value. We may know the future of the weather only by its past.

Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Prof. Mayrin recently discredited issuing long range weather forecasts. They failed to satisfy the public, failed to compete with the long range forecasts; not one of our newspapers in thirty states accepted Mayrin's long range forecasts and dropped Foster's. Having failed in his efforts Prof. Mayrin seems to have soured on all long range forecasting. Meanwhile our work continues to grow in popularity.

It is an easy matter to point out errors in weather forecasts. There never was and never will be such a thing as perfect weather forecasts, long or short. There is no such a thing as perfect astronomical forecasts. The astronomers cannot perfectly forecast the place of the moon a month in advance. The celestial survey bureau cannot perfectly forecast the tides. The cellines of the sun and moon cannot be perfectly forecast. But these failures do not prove the forecasts to be useless.

If the forecasts are better than guessing they are useful. Our forecasts are for crop weather, the averages of each successive three days of temperatures; not for the exact degree, but whether these averages temperatures will be above, below or about normal. If we approximate the temperature movements the forecasts are useful. If we succeed in giving approximately the five days in each month when the most precipitation will occur, if we forecast approximately the dates of the most severe storms, even if we cannot give their exact locations; if we approximately give dates on which the storms will cross this continent; if we approximate the wet and the dry, the cold and the warm months, the last killing frosts of the Spring months and the first killing frosts of the Fall months, the wet years, dry years, floods, droughts, deep snows, cold waves, warm waves, blizzards, etc., then our forecasts are useful. If we do these things two times out of three it will pay to adopt these forecasts as a guide. By their liberal support our millions of readers say we are making good as explained above. The newspapers and magazines pay for our forecasts while those of the U. S. Weather Bureau are free and still many publications, including the Newport Mercury, prefer ours.

We are not competing with the U. S. Weather Bureau. Ours is long range, theirs short. There is a very important and inviting field for investigation in weather matters, a field that promises perpetual employment to the very best brains of our race. We welcome all investigators. The more success they achieve the greater will be the demand. Our knowledge has been increased through the investigations of every person engaged in weather work and we bid every one of them great success and good speed.

Foster's Weather Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

(General Assembly.)

A large part of the important business of the General Assembly is already out of the way. Several amendments to the tax bill have been passed, including the one providing for an increase in the State tax on cities and towns by three cents, for this year, that amount to be devoted to State roads. This act was passed in concurrence by the Senate this week and has been signed by the Governor.

The appropriation bill has not yet come out of the Senate committee on finance, and rumor has it that there will be an amendment to it, that will require concurrence by the House.

Governor Beakman has appointed Dr. Norman M. MacLeod of this city to the vacancy on the State board of health caused by the death of Dr. Rufus E. Durrah, and the appointment has been confirmed by the Senate.

Warning on Income Taxes.

Internal Revenue Collector James J. Walsh has issued warning by way of announcement that the individual income tax returns for 1915 must be in the collector's office in Hartford on or before March 1, 1916. The penalty for failure to comply with the requirements of the law is a specific penalty ranging from \$20 to \$10,000 and an addition of fifty per cent. of the amount of the tax to be paid. Any person whose income is \$3,000 or more a year must make and render a return to the collector's office on or before March 1. Single persons must pay taxes on net incomes of over \$3,000 and married persons must pay taxes on net incomes of over \$4,000. However, returns must be made by all persons whose net incomes are \$3,000 or over in a year.

Corporation Returns.

A corporation organized and transacting no business within the calendar year of its organization must make and file a return on the basis of the calendar year unless such corporation shall designate a fiscal year other than the calendar year in the manner and form as provided for that purpose. The necessity of filing a return depends upon corporate or associational existence and not upon the receipt of income. The corporation income tax return must be in the collector's office on or before March 1 or the same penalty as is provided for the individual income tax delinquent will be applied. There is no specific exemption on corporation incomes.

Withholding agents' returns must be filed within the same time, and if delinquent, are subject to the same penalty.

Each day for the last month 1000 men

have enlisted in Canada for service overseas. Trained men are being sent across the Atlantic at the rate of almost 500 a day. The number of officers and sergeant instructors is increasing rapidly through training in Canada and the return of disabled men from the front. Military camps will be opened in each province as soon as the weather permits.

Fifty Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of February 21, 1916.)

HOSTILE TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

The great excitement this week in Washington centered on Monday, when the President's Message was brought into the Senate by one of his secretaries. Before the question before the Senate was proposed to attend to the Message, many had gathered there from the special interest of the occasion, and occupied the best positions they could to hear the message read. The reading of the document was listened to attentively to the close, although it is said not by all with the same becoming expression of countenance. The applause and hisses in the galleries were still less to be commended. There was a disposition to pass the Freedmen's Bureau Bill over the veto, so as to place it among the statutes before sunset, because if the Senate should pass the bill immediately the House would pass it the same day. But on a motion for postponement, it appeared that a two-thirds vote could not be obtained in the Senate.

On Tuesday the excitement on this subject seemed not to have subsided, but to have risen to a fearful pitch of enthusiasm. The day seemed big with the fate of the bill for Freedmen, a temperate debate under these circumstances was not to be expected, but Senators ought to be an example for gravity and decorum. On the contrary, the President was charged by one of them with being "a rebel at heart," and "an enemy of the government and of the nation." After all, however, the Senate failed to pass the Freedmen's Bureau bill over the veto, the vote being 80 to 18, not two-thirds.

It would seem as if winter had broken and the beautiful spring would soon be upon us to clear the poor and suffering of our land. The winter has been more severe than for several winters past, and the applications made to the city authorities for assistance has exceeded by far that of the last five years. The coal dealers, it appears, are also of the opinion that we are to have warm weather, as they have reduced the price of coal three dollars per ton; red ash is now selling for \$10.50 per ton and white ash for \$10.

Jamestown has a population of 349, but only 133 are natives. The population of Little Compton is 1,197, natives 725. Middletown, population 1,019 natives 635. Population of New Shoreham 1,903, natives 1,190. Portsmouth has 2,153 population, 1,097 being natives. Tiverton has a population of 1,973, natives 1,577. It will be noticed that the people of New Shoreham cling to their native place more firmly than any other town in the county.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of February 25, 1911.)

PROPOSED NEW SEWERS.

The special election for the consideration of a proposition to appropriate \$70,000 for the building of permanent streets will be held a week from next Thursday, and as the sum asked for is somewhat large it may be of interest to know the character and importance of the work for which money is asked. According to the proposition, if it passes, \$50,000 of the amount will be used in the construction of new sewers, the most important of which will be the Coggeshall avenue sewer, estimated at \$30,000; the sewer for the Gibbs street district, estimated at \$10,000; and the Friendship street sewer and extension of the Broadway sewer, the whole to be done in accordance with the general system as originally adopted by the city.

The need of these sewers is imperative and any delay in their construction would be dangerous in more ways than one. The exceptionally large number of cases of diphtheria which infected our city last season—to avoid the recurrence of which any expense would be justified—were nearly all traced directly or indirectly to the unsanitary condition of that section of our city known as the Gibbs street district, and the whole cause of this unsanitary condition was due to the want of proper sewerage.

LOOKING AT STREET ROLLERS.

Street Commissioner Cotton, Alderman Pike and Councilmen Gash and Comstock visited Cambridge on Wednesday for the purpose of inspecting steam rollers—Cambridge being known to have both an English and an American machine in use. The gentlemen were courteously received and given every opportunity to inspect the rollers. They found that many improvements had been made since the building of our roller, which has been in service about 15 years.

Ours cost \$1500, but to-day one of the same make (English) with all the improvements, can be bought for \$4500; and the American machine is about the same price. Our roller is very much out of repair, requiring an outlay of upwards of \$1500 to be made serviceable for the summer campaign, and the visit to Cambridge was to decide which would be more for the city's interests, the repairing of the old roller or the purchase of a new one.

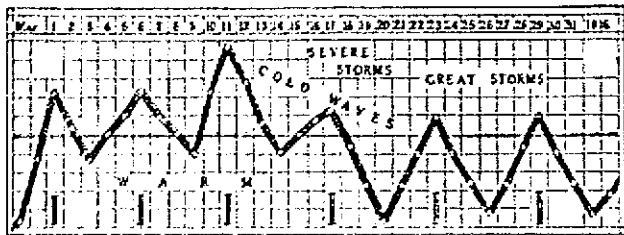
The Newport schooner now being built at East Booth Bay, Maine, from designs drawn by Mr. George F. Crandall of this city, is to be christened George E. Vernon after our late townsman. The work upon the vessel is progressing satisfactorily, the frame having been all heaved out and now being brought to the yard. The keel is laid and the stern-frame raised, and the vessel is expected to be launched before the middle of April.

Another new schooner for the Reynolds Line of this port, the C. & J. A. Pinard, was successfully launched Wednesday from the yard of J. M. Brooks in East Boston. As the vessel slid gracefully from the ways, Miss Waters, the bright young daughter of Capt. John Waters of this city, broke a bottle of wine over the bows and declared her duly christened.

A Boston paper says Mrs. Frederick H. Paine of Boston gave a portrait painter of Salem, Sunday night, Jan. 2, one of the strangest commissions in the history of American art. It was to paint a portrait of their son, Norman Prince, who was returning Jan. 4 to France where he is serving as a member of the French aviation corps. The portrait was painted in a single day. The price is stated to have been \$10,000.

One thousand Americans have been killed in Mexico in the past two years. This has been attested by affidavits now in American hands. This is one of the many deplorable results of Wilson's "watchful waiting" policy.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



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March will be colder than usual east of Rockies and about normal west of Rocky ridge. Precipitation will be excessive in most sections east of Rockies along and south of latitude 40. Excessive rains will begin not far from March 10 and great floods are expected during the week centering on March 25. Severe storms are expected near March 10 and 13 and dangerous storms near 25.

Treble line represents reasonable normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departures from normal. The black line tending upward indicates rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The line indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 90, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 24, 1916.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Feb. 23 to March 3, warm wave Feb. 27 to March 2, cool wave March 1 to 5. This will come in with cold weather and will start a movement that will bring a great high temperature wave near March 11. This rise of temperature will check precipitation and storms will be less severe. But four-fifths of the farm sections of this continent will get sufficient and some parts too much precipitation during this month.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about March 3, cross Pacific slope by close of 4, central valleys 5 to 7, eastern sections 8. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about March 3, central valleys 5, eastern sections 7. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 6, central valleys 8 and eastern sections 10.

This disturbance will send average temperatures higher, not so much precipitation as usual and the storm will be moderate till about March 6 when it forces will increase to a little above the usual. It is expected to cross meridian 90 about March 6 and on 8 its forces will again increase. It will then be in eastern sections. About March 9 as it passes out onto the Atlantic it will become a furious and dangerous storm along the steamship route to Europe. Precipitation will increase while this storm is in eastern sections.

Another storm will reach Pacific coast about March 8, cross Pacific slope by close of 9, central valleys 10 to 12, eastern sections 13. Warm wave will

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The storm of last Sunday prevented the large attendance expected at the Methodist Episcopal Church for the annual Grange Sunday Institute by the pastor, Rev. E. E. Wells. The church was well filled and the Tiverton, Stone Bridge, Portsmouth, and Middletown Granges were represented by an attendance of 40 patrons. There was special music by Mrs. Ida M. Brown and Mrs. Fred P. Webber.

In the evening, in spite of the storm some 30 people assembled to hear the illustrated lecture upon "Scientific Temperance" which was postponed from the previous Sunday. The lecture, which was prepared by Superintendent Christy of the Anti-Saloon League, was read by Mr. Fred P. Webber, and the stereopticon was operated by Walter S. Barker. The new appliance, recently installed for the lantern, was much appreciated. On Sunday next, at the afternoon session, Rev. Mr. Smith of the East Greenwich Academy will speak upon "Education."

Under the auspices of the Aquidneck Dairyman's Association, a talk on "Co-operation" was given by Mr. Horace W. Tinkham of Warren, on Monday evening at the town hall. Mr. Tinkham is considered an expert in his line and travels throughout the state under the direct on of the State Board of Agriculture.

The Committee appointed at the February meeting of Aquidneck Grange, to aid in the extermination of the tent caterpillars, met Tuesday evening to formulate plans for their campaign which will be conducted through March. They visited this week, the schools, and solicited the volunteer services of all the children over 11 years of age in securing the egg clusters for which they are to pay 5 cents per dozen clusters. One dollar will be given as an additional payment to the child securing the largest number of clusters, and fifty cents to the one obtaining the second largest number. One public spirited individual has already offered twenty dollars to be distributed as further prizes, and it is expected that other moneys will be available before the campaign ends.

Miss Emily Dimin is expected from Chicago to attend the play "Egbert's Fairy" which is to be presented on Saturday evening at St. George's School for the benefit of the Red Cross work abroad. Rev. John B. Dimin is steadily improving and is expected home in season to resume his duties as head master at the School on March 1st. Miss Louise Dimin will now continue her journey to Colorado Springs where she will remain until warm weather. The plan for opening the Dimin homestead in Providence for Mr. Dimin's convalescence has been given up, and he will spend the remainder of February with friends in New York.

It was announced at the monthly meeting of the Public School Committee, on Monday evening, that plans are being formulated by some of the town officials, to provide adequate accommodations for the present overflow. The School Committee has given much time and thought to a solution of this perplexing problem, and while they feel that they are in a position to understand the situation perhaps better than those who never visit all the schools, they will be glad to support any proposition which will cover the needs of the case, seventy-two new children will be ready to enter in September.

Holy Cross Guild, the members of whom are working for the infant ward of St. Mary's Orphanage Providence, held an all day meeting at the Guild House on Wednesday. Luncheon was served at noon.

Rev. Everett Smith is planning to hold a special missionary service at the church of the Holy Cross on Sunday afternoon to combine both the children of the Sunday school and the adults. The programs for the service are anti-

cross Pacific slope about March 8, central valleys 10, eastern sections 13. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 11, eastern sections 13.

This will be a severe storm from start to finish and will cause heavy rains on most parts of the continent east of the Rockies. Probably not excessive in southwestern Texas, the middle north-west of Canada and the States. A cold wave will follow this and then another cold wave a few days later, making a great fall in temperatures from March 11 to 19.

This storm is expected to prepare some parts for a great flood that will occur east of the Rockies before the end of March. Wherever excessive precipitation occurs from this storm there is the place we would locate the great floods a little later. We believe it will occur in the Mississippi, Ohio and Missouri valleys but it may also extend east of those sections. Before the month ends, all of Europe, southern Asia, east of India, the Philippines and Australia will get excessive rains and all of them except Europe will get excessive storms.

We are expecting disastrous storms in the central valleys the West Indies and on our southern coasts between March 17 and 31.

A beautiful scene appeared in the southwestern skies during the evening of the week centering on Feb. 14 as the planet Venus approached and passed the great planet Jupiter. Such events always have important effects on our weather. The electro-magnetic line connecting the planets with the earth are disturbed.

died, "The Missionary Key Note."

The Women's Auxiliary of the Churches of St. Mary's and the Holy Cross will meet with Mrs. Clarence Thurston on Wednesday March 1st. Instead of the second Wednesday of the month which falls on Ash Wednesday a supper will be given on Friday of next week at the Berkeley Parish House under the auspices of St. Columba's Guild, which will be followed by a musical by the several musical organizations of St. George's School.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, FEBRUARY, 1916

STANDARD TIME.									
Sun	Sun	Moon	Hig	Water					
ris	sets	ris	sets	level					
25 Sat	6 27	5 39	1 50	12 51	1	21			
26 Sun	6 25	5 31	2 20	1 38	2	31			
27 Mon	6 24	5 21	3 20	1 35	3	38			
28 Tue	6 23	5 11	4 15	1 28	4	37			
1 Wed	6 21	5 35	5 11	1 25	5	36			
2 Thur	6 20	5 28	6 11	1 22	6	37			
3 Fri	6 18	5 37	7 11	1 19	7	39			
New Moon March 3					10 55am	Evening			
Moon's 1st qr. March 11					1 23am	Evening			
Full Moon March 19					12 27am	Evening			
Moon's last qr. March 25					11 22am	Morning			

Deaths.

At Fort Adams, 10th inst., Christina Lura, only child of Sergeant William V. and Christina Cameron Williams, aged 4 years and 8 months.

In this city, 20th inst., John McCarthy, of 12 Harrison avenue.

In this city, 21st inst., Bridget, widow of John Smith.

In this city, 22nd inst., Mary, wife of William Hansen, in her 6th year.

In this city, 23rd inst., John Joseph, infant son of Charles and Jennie Strone.

In Tiverton, 20th inst., Charles E. Hart, to 14th year.

At Howard, R. I., 21st inst., Suerman B. son of the late William and Lida Purday.

At Springfield, Mass., Sarah Duane, daughter of the late Mr. John Henry and Helena Vinton Gillett.

At Boswell, Va., Feb. 20, Adeline Guild.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wanting to sell their own homes or farms, or to buy homes or farms, or to build, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

122 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established to help the Commission of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villages and Country places.

NEW BOOKS

In the Popular Edition

"MADCAP"

By George Gibbs

"LOVE INSURANCE"

By Earl Dorr Biggers

"PRESCOTT OF SASKATCHEWAN"

By Harry Bindloss

"THE GARDEN WITHOUT WALLS"

By Coningsby Dawson

Carr's Book Store

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Tel. 633

NEWS CONDENSED

FOR BUSY READERS

Happenings in Various Parts of New England States

Becoming entangled in a belt on machinery in a Boston tunnel, Augustine Moriarty, 24, was killed.

The strike of 150 die makers, dieyers and co-workers employed by the Remington Arms and Ammunition company, Bridgeport, Conn., was settled. The terms of the agreement were not made public.

Mayor Wright of Worcester, Mass., declares the city lines of the Worcester Consolidated Street Railway company can operate on a 4-cent fare basis at a fat profit.

Grief over the death of his wife caused the death at Boston of Lieutenant Colonel Albert B. Austin, 79, Civil war veteran and secretary of the Hooker association.

Fire in the Adams Coal and Wood company, Somerville, Mass., caused a loss of about \$27,000.

The strike at the Taunton-New Bedford Copper works, Taunton, Mass., was settled, more than 400 men returning to work at increased wages.

The drygoods establishment of Fisher & Co., Newburyport, Mass., was destroyed by fire. The loss is \$30,000.

James Marshall, president of Marshall Bros., Inc., hat manufacturers, died at Fall River, Mass.

Francis H. Hastings, pioneer organ builder and manufacturer of over 2400 musical instruments for houses of worship, died at Weston, Mass.

The will of Mrs. Adelaine R. Smith of Brookline, Mass., makes a bequest of \$10, and no more, to her husband. All the rest and residue of the \$10,000 estate is given to her daughter, Carrie A. Holcomb.

Charles S. Baxter has been selected to handle the campaign of the "allos" in Massachusetts against the two-revolt ticket.

The Massachusetts legislature rejected a bill providing for a bridge from Adams square in Boston to Maverick square, East Boston.

Forest fires during the year 1915 burned over 13,359 acres of woodland in Massachusetts, according to the annual report of State Forester Rhoads.

Sister Mary Grulotte died at the Franciscan convent at Boston at the age of 31.

William A. Martin, president of the Boston (Me.) Trust company, died of pneumonia.

Florence Towle, a 16-year-old state ward, committed suicide at Somerville, Mass., by shooting. She had been employed by Dr. Liverpool.

Leonard Anthony, 30, was killed at Boston when he received a shock while at work on an electric light pole.

Lewis R. Spence, 55, one of Boston's best known business men and a nationally famous automobile man, died at Newton, Mass.

The Massachusetts Council of Carpenters elected John Morgan of Boston as its president for next year.

Rt. Rev. Benjamin Brewster, missionary bishop of western Colorado, has accepted his election as bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Maine.

Yale university celebrated the third annual university day with the return of several hundred of her graduates.

A special meeting of the stockholders of the Maine Central railroad is called for March

DOUBLE CAUTION IS UNHEEDED

Engineer Runs Past Signals and Serious Wreck Results

TEN PERSONS ARE KILLED

Express Train Had Been Stalled on
End of Curve When Local Crashed
Into It—Important Witnesses Among
the Dead, Making It Difficult to
Establish Responsibility

Milford, Conn., Feb. 23.—Ten persons lost their lives and fifty were more or less hurt in a rear-end collision of passenger trains on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad near here. Five of the victims were railroad employees, the others were passengers.

Following are the names of the dead:
W. H. Curtis, engineer of local train; George L. Tourtelotte, brakeman; Patrick Connor, New York city; Miss Susan B. Hyland, New Haven; Charles E. Allen, Groton, Conn.; Edward McGlinchey, brakeman of local train; male passenger, believed to be named Der Hovhannesian; Harry Schappo, train hand; Joseph J. Frye, Springfield, Mass.; Pullman porter; Harry Hweeney, railroad fireman.

The train involved were No. 79, the Greenfield express, which is scheduled as the Connecticut River Special, and No. 6, a local train for way points between New Haven and New York, as the former runs through to the latter city without stops.

A broken air-hose on the express between the electric motor which was hauling it and the leading car stalled the train on the westerly end of a curve and rock cut near the Woodmont station, and while there the local, which was following, rounded the curve and crashed into it at forty miles an hour.

It is claimed that W. H. Curtis, the engineer of No. 6, ran past a cautionary signal 2000 feet in the rear of the express, and when he saw the home signal, 300 feet in the rear of the stalled train, he could not hold his train. In an instant it had rounded the curve and not only were two passenger trains in collision, but a freight train which was passing west on the next track just at that moment was buckled up by wreckage thrown upon it.

Of many examples of fortitude and commendable deeds done during the trying moments which accompanied the wreck, it is said that the death of George L. Tourtelotte, flagman on the stalled train, stood out prominently.

According to the story told, Tourtelotte went back with his red flag and saw the local approaching. He stood in the track frantically waving the flag until it was too late to escape, and he was ground to death a moment before the crash came.

The two trains involved in the wreck were both off schedule upon arrival here from the east. No. 6 was eleven minutes late and the express thirty.

The express had been stalled on the curve out of sight of the straightaway track from the Woodmont station. Three hundred feet behind it was a signal which served as the "home" signal for No. 6, and 2000 feet further back was another protection signal for No. 79, which was the cautionary signal to No. 6. Trainmen were trying to remedy the air hose trouble when the crash came.

Charles C. Elwell, a member of the public utilities commission, who was upon the scene of the wreck, said: "Inasmuch as the engineer, the fireman and the flagman, three important witnesses, are dead, it will be difficult to fix the responsibility, but a thorough investigation will probably place the responsibility."

The theory of the accident advanced by Elwell is that Curtis disregarded the "cautionary" signal and when the danger of "home" came into view he could not make his brakes hold and No. 6 slid into No. 79.

As the crash came the boiler of No. 6 exploded and hurtling through the air over the freight on the next track to the eastbound track, dropped right side up at the bottom of the deep embankment. The rest of the engine was a mass of twisted and splintered iron. The bodies of the fireman and engineer, mangled and scalded, were picked out of the wreckage.

Fire Destroys \$500,000 Church
Quebec, Feb. 22.—The parish church at Beauport was destroyed by a fire which started in the sacristy. The loss is estimated at about \$500,000. The fire is believed to have been of incendiary origin.

No Tax on Tobacco Coupons
Atlanta, Feb. 24.—The Georgia law imposing a tax on redeemable tobacco coupons was held to be discriminatory and unconstitutional by the state supreme court.

Grain Rates Reach New High Record
Boston, Feb. 21.—An advance of 6 cents per bushel in rates on grain between Boston and England makes the present rate 43 cents, a record.

The First Methodist church of Lynn, Mass., celebrated the 175th anniversary of its foundation.

Joseph R. McCabe, 35, keeper of the Deer Island Light-house, Boston harbor, was drowned when he slipped off a sandbar leading out to the light.

An early cucumber crop valued at \$3000 was ruined by a fire in the greenhouse of George Foster at Woburn, Mass. The total loss is \$5000.

WON'T SACRIFICE AMERICA'S HONOR

Washington, Feb. 25.—Following two days of panty feeling in congress, with members of his own party threatening to revolt against his submarine policy, President Wilson sent a letter to Chairman Stone of the senate foreign relations committee, in which he throws down the gage of battle to congress by declaring that he cannot consent to any abridgement whatever of the rights of American citizens in respect to the submarine situation.

The president plainly tells those who have been opposing his views that the honor and self-respect of the nation are involved in the controversy with Germany. He declares he is for peace and will preserve peace at any cost but the loss of honor.

He points out that since the beginning of the negotiations with Germany the United States has stood for the principles of international law and the rights of humanity as always recognized by civilized nations.

To repudiate these principles and rights now, as suggested in propositions put forth during the last two days, would, he declares, humiliate the nation in the eyes of the world.

WANTED TO BE FIREMAN

Youth Started Blazes in Thirty Houses
In Endeavor to Become Hero

New York, Feb. 25.—Joseph Putter, 20 years old, pleaded guilty to having set fire to thirty apartment houses on the East Side during the last two years. He was sent to Elmira reformatory.

Putter told Judge Mulqueen that he wanted to be a fireman and thought he would make a reputation as a hero in fire rescues before he took his civil service examination.

Expense Bills Held Up

Boston, Feb. 25.—Bills of the board of Panama-Pacific managers for Massachusetts amounting to \$3323.91 for taxicab hire, flowers, valet, etc., will be submitted to the governor and council without the approval of State Auditor Cook, and Governor McCall and the council will have to take full responsibility for their approval and final payment.

Ashes to Be Cast in River

Haverhill, Mass., Feb. 21.—The ashes of James A. Day, a rich farmer, aged 75, who died in the home in which he and several of his ancestors were born, will be sprinkled over the waters of the Merrimack river, in accordance with Day's request.

Woman Attacked by Dogs

Newburyport, Mass., Feb. 21.—Mrs. Richard Hale is in a hospital in a serious condition, her face lacerated and lacerated by four dogs. Two of the dogs are owned by her son. The others are being boarded at the Hale home.

Fletcher's Nomination Favored

Washington, Feb. 21.—Henry P. Fletcher's nomination as ambassador to Mexico was ordered reported to the senate by the foreign relations committee, with the recommendation that it be confirmed as soon as possible.

Children Saved by Fire Drill

Weymouth, Mass., Feb. 25.—Four hundred children marched out to safety following the discovery of a fire which partly destroyed the Humphrey school. The fire drill saved the children.

Japan Not Aiding Russia

Tokio, Feb. 25.—The foreign minister denied in the diet that Japan intends to send troops to the assistance of Russia.

William H. Hasty, who conducts

livery stables in Boston, filed a petition in bankruptcy. He owes \$30,427.68.

The Brockton, Mass., police are endeavoring to find relatives of John Riley, 50, an expert wood-turner, who dropped dead in a hotel.

The Odd Fellows' building, one of the largest structures in Littleton, N. H., was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of \$20,000.

The will of G. H. Whitcomb, envelope manufacturer, was filed at Worcester, Mass. He left an estate of \$2,000,000, all to his family.

Unwrapped and unclothed, the body of a female infant was found in an ash can on a Boston street.

William F. Wiley, 74, one of the best known Civil war veterans in Massachusetts, died at his home at Peabody.

Three hundred youthful delegates marched in a street parade at Fairfield which marked the opening of the first annual conference of Maine schoolboys.

Arthur C. Tapley, whose railroad gospel services were for many years an annual occurrence of great interest to railroad employees of New England, died at Haverhill, Mass., aged 73.

Mrs. James Cathbert escaped from her home at Warwick, R. I., which was destroyed by fire after she had been aroused by a dog that jumped upon her bed.

Eben Carpenter, 75, who led several guerrilla attacks during his services in the Civil war while fighting under Sheridan and Burnside, died at Malden, Mass.

The West End Street Railway of Boston asked the public service commission for authority to issue \$2,395,000 of bonds, to be used to retire bonds that expire next summer.

Death of Admiral Von Pohl

Berlin, Feb. 25.—Admiral von Pohl, aged 59, whose retirement on account of ill health from the position of commander of the German battle fleet was announced a few days ago, died in Berlin.

KAISER WATCHES FIERCE COMBAT

Germans Score Some Success
In Battle of Verdun

FRENCH LINE IS UNBROKEN

The Wings, However, Have Been
Compelled to Yield Somewhat—
Casualties on Each Side Said to Be
Enormous—Comparatively Quiet in
the Other Zones of War

London, Feb. 25.—Before the eyes of the Kaiser himself, the legions of the crown prince have been hurled against the French line in a series of attacks centering around the fortress of Verdun which for fierce intensity rival anything hitherto witnessed on the western front.

In the number of troops engaged the "battle of Verdun," as the present great conflict is known, promises to go on record as one of the greatest of the war.

Attack has succeeded attack against the French line after bombardments, incessant and terrific, continuing for several days.

While the Germans have not been able, despite the rain of shells and furious onslaughts by the infantry, to break the French line, nevertheless the French on their right and left wings have been compelled to withdraw their lines, respectively to the south of Ornes and behind the town of Samogneux, six miles north of the fortress.

Only between Melancourt and the left bank of the Meuse has there been any diminution in the intensity of the artillery.

With Brabant, Haumont and Samogneux and the wooded sections north and northeast of Beaumont in their possession, the Germans, from the Meuse eastward to Fromezey, are forcing the fighting, seemingly regardless of the cost of life.

The French guns have answered the German guns, shell for shell, and the casualties on both sides are very great. The French official report describes the battlefield between the Meuse and Ornes as piled with German dead.

In Champagne at several points and in the Argonne forest German works have been pounded by the concentrated fire of the French guns, while in Lorraine the French repulsed a German reconnoitering party which attempted to capture a French post north of St. Martin.

On their end of the line, near Hutuch, the British exploded a mine and occupied the crater and also bombarded German trenches near Frellingheim and Boesinghe.

On the Russian front, from the Riga region to east Galicia, there have been engagements at various points, but no great results have been attained by either side.

In the Caucasus Petrograd reports that the Russians continue successfully to press back the Turks.

The usual activities by the Austrians and Italians on the Austro-Italian line continue.

SEIZURE OF THE APPAM

Libel Order Is Issued on Complaint
of British Owners of Ship

Norfolk, Feb. 21.—The British Steamship Appam, recently brought into Hampton Roads by a German prize crew, was seized by Deputy United States Marshal West and is in his custody today, despite the vigorous protests of Lieutenant Berg.

The seizure was made on a libel issued by Judge Waddill of the federal district court here, on a complaint in an admiralty action brought by attorneys for the British owners of the Appam.

Message From Wrecked Zeppelin

London, Feb. 25.—A bottle was picked up from the sea containing last messages from the commander of Zeppelin L-19, which was wrecked in the North sea. The last of the message stated that the airship had dropped and the crew was drowning, says a dispatch from Copenhagen.

Nashua Roster Sent to State Prison

Manchester, N. H., Feb. 24.—Stephen Zedalous, retracting his plea of not guilty of murder and entering one of manslaughter in the first degree, was sentenced here to not less than ten nor more than twenty years in state prison.

Banker Held on Murder Charge

Boston, Feb. 21.—Frank Luciano, banker and business man, waived examination in the police court when arraigned, charged with the murder of Eugenio Covino. He was held without bail for the grand jury.

Fire Destroys Many Homes

Passaic, N. J., Feb. 25.—Two hundred and forty persons are homeless and almost destitute here as a result of a fire which swept through the tenement district. The loss is \$200,000.

New Textile Mill For New Bedford

New Bedford, Mass., Feb. 25.—A new textile mill, to cost about \$1,000,000 and to employ 1500 operatives, is to be built here as a part of the plant of the Manomet mills.

A general increase in wages, approximating 5 percent and affecting nearly 1000 employees, will go into effect at the paper mills of S. D. Warren & Co., at Cumberland Mills, Me.

For the seven weeks of 1916 Beverly, Mass., school children put away as deposits in the school savings bank the sum of \$1593.61.

PACIFIC FLEET AT MERCY OF ENEMY

Might Be an Easy Victim For
One Good Battleship

Washington, Feb. 25.—While the house military committee was taking steps toward getting its bill for increasing the regular army and federalizing the national guard before the house within ten days, the naval committee was being informed by Admiral Winslow that the entire Pacific fleet which he commands might be an easy victim for a single good enemy battleship.

Pressed by Representative Stephens of California for an exact description of the condition of the ships under his command, Winslow said the force was wholly inadequate, even with all the reserves called out, to meet any probable enemy in the Pacific.

What plans the navy department had for meeting an emergency there or in the Atlantic, however, he said, were matters of strategy which he did not care to reveal except in confidential session.

CAUSE NOT ESTABLISHED

Police Inquiry Into Million Dollar
Fire at Fall River

Fall River, Mass., Feb. 21.—The origin of the fire on Feb. 16, which resulted in a property loss of more than \$1,000,000, was not determined at an inquiry conducted by George C. Neal, deputy chief of the state police.

It was found that the fire started in the sub-basement of the Steigler building, the boilers of which were in proper condition. Many witnesses were examined, but they were unable to establish the cause.

SCHOONER BLOWS UP

Two Men Killed and One Dying as
Result of Boston Harbor Tragedy

Boston, Feb. 25.—An explosion of gasoline aboard the Provincetown fishing schooner Mary C. Santos in Boston harbor blew two of that vessel's crew thirty feet in the air to instant death, while another is dying, one is missing and four more are in hospitals.

Peter Bant and John Fisher were the two killed. Manuel Madara is dying at a hospital. Joseph Lewis, another fisherman, is missing and is thought to be dead.

The fire which followed the explosion destroyed the schooner and she sank thirty minutes after the explosion as two fireboats were trying to beach her.

Death of General Cook

Fall River, Mass., Feb. 23.—Brigadier General Henry O. Cook, 79, U. S. A., retired, a veteran of the Civil war and an Indian fighter of note, died at his home here after an illness of three months.

Boy Accidentally Kills Chum

Gloucester, Mass., Feb. 23.—James Deveau, aged 14, was accidentally shot and instantly killed by Charles H. Carroll, his 15-year-old chum, as the two were coming home from a hunting trip.

House Sells For Home

London, Feb. 24.—Edward M. House, President Wilson's personal emissary to European capitals, called on the steamer Rotterdam from Falmouth today on his return to the United States.

Fireman Killed Aboard Warship

Washington, Feb. 23.—A blowout on the battleship Delaware, off Guantanamo, killed Edward M. Reby, a fireman.

The world's record for butter-producing milk was awarded at Montpelier, Vt., to Fuelle Merthilde, a Holstein owned by J. G. Whitney. Her record is 35,316 pounds of butter.

"The prevalence and fatality of tuberculosis are steadily decreasing in Massachusetts," is a conclusion of the state department of health.

Linwood J. Hadger of the Maine Central Institute of Pittsfield was elected president of the Maine preparatory school boys' conference.

AWFUL PAIN FROM RINGWORM ON FACE

Then On Head. Itched Terribly. Very
Large. Skin Sore and Inflamed.
Had Wet Scales on It.

HEALED BY CUTICURA
SOAP AND OINTMENT

"I felt pimples coming out on my face; then on my head, and I began to scratch them for they itched terribly. The pimples were large and red and after a while they festered and seemed to run together like one great ball and then I knew it was ringworm. The ringworm was very large and the skin was sore and inflamed and had wet scales on it. I felt awful pain and I lost a great deal of sleep.

"I used a number of remedies. Then my hair began to fall out. A friend told me about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I got them as soon as possible. They stopped the itching and falling out of my hair and I only used four cakes of Cuticura Soap and four boxes of Cuticura Ointment and I was healed." (Signed) Miss Ella Roy, Westport, Conn.; Oct. 8, 1915.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 32-p. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sold throughout the world.

THE FACT

That you are saving money and it is earning interest for you at the Industrial Trust Company is a strong incentive to add every spare dollar to your credit promptly.

New accounts are cordially invited. You can safely send your deposits to us by mail.

4 per cent. Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY,

Office with Newport Trust Company.

Money deposited before the 15th of February draws interest from the first.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The National Exchange Bank.

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, December 31, 1915.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$398,344.61
Overdrafts, unsecured	87.42
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000.00
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (actual value)	101,247.99
Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve Bank	4,500.00
Loans on deposit	1,970.00
Banking House	25,000.00
Dividend on stock owned	2,700.00
Due from Federal Reserve Bank	15,931.44
Due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis	8,501.52
Due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities	14,792.31
Due from Insurance Companies (other than above)	1,312.24
Exchanges for clearing houses	4,371.12
Outside checks and other cash items	3,817.84
Fractional currency	575.07
Notes of other National Banks	1,752.99
Coin and bullion	10,800.00
Notes and certificates	31,612.75
Legal-tender notes	6,975.00
Receivables from U. S. Treasurer	5,000.00
TOTAL	\$600,275.90

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	65,000.00
Undivided profits	10,000.00
Unpaid notes	10,000.00
Due to approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago and St. Louis	1,252.37
Due to banks and bankers (other than above)	71,281.35
Due to depositors subject to check	2,901.00
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days	10,457.29
Certified checks	37,100.49
TOTAL	\$355,993.44

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

County of Newport, ss: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD B. PECKHAM, Notary Public.

EDWARD B. PECKHAM, Notary Public.

FREDERICK H. COGGESHALL, Director.

Winter Vacations in the

White Highlands

Of New England

Invigorating snow and ice sports; the thrilling mile-long coast on bob-sled or toboggan; snow-shoeing or skiing; skating, hockey, curling, ice-boating, on mountain lakes.

For booklet "An Outdoor Enthusiast" write to Advertising Department, New Haven, New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

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With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the food.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

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FULL PARTICULARS FOR 4 CENTS IN STAMPS WRITE FOR FOLDER #124

DANCING ORDERS

Are you planning a dance? You want FINE DANCING ORDERS. That's where we live.

VISIT US AND BE CONVINCED

Teacher—What is familiar with the battle of Bunker Hill? Pupil—Well, ma'am, I guess I am. I've been a cadet for two years—Judge.

Best Prices

Old Engravings

112 Bellevue Avenue, -141-

SITUATION WANTED by gardener. (For sale place) First class recommendation. Five years in Rhode Island. Age 31, married, one child. Abolitionist. Twenty years experience. Fruit and flowers, hardy and undergrowth. Vegetables etc. Address R. W. B. Box 325, Peace Dale R. I.

TRICKY AND A BLUFFER.

The Spreading Adder Will Fool You if You Don't Know Him.

He's a sly creature, this snake. When he's discovered and trapped he'll make such a bullethead about it with his hissing and contortions, that if you're not wise to the fact that he's only bluffing you're sure to be frightened. If you're acquainted with him, however, and refuse to run, he'll give one final twist and roll over on his back, just as though he had made up his mind to die and save you the trouble of killing him. But don't be fooled. He's only playing possum. He's the spreading adder.

His tricks have resulted in all sorts of wild stories about him. Many people believe he's poisonous, because he spreads his head out flat and hisses when he's disturbed. As a matter of fact, he couldn't hurt you if you picked him up by the head. He's only bluffing when he hisses.

Then there's another story about the spreading adder to the effect that he will bite himself and fall over dead. This belief comes from his habit of playing possum when he sees he's cornered and can't escape.

The spreading adder is about thirty inches long, a reddish brown and blotched and spotted. He lives in dry woods and on sandy hillsides and puts loads and insects. He's also called the blowing viper or the leguessed adder.—Philadelphia North American.

HAS TO SPLIT HIS TIPS.

Not All the Money the Waiter Gets Goes Into His Pocket.

Don't think the waiters are getting rich. They might if they could keep all their tips, but—

Comes a waiter of twenty years' service who says the man who does the serving is lucky if he gets 25 per cent of his tip money.

"We wouldn't complain much if we were allowed to keep our tips," he said, "but the waiter is by necessity the best tipper in the world. He has to split his tips at least five ways. The head waiter gets his, the captain has his hand out, and the scrub water and cook are next in line.

"If the waiter keeps all the money the captain will soon get wise to him, and he will get no more 'live ones' steered up to his table. If the cook is neglected the waiter might get his orders cold from the kitchen. If he doesn't cross the palm of the head waiter with silver once in awhile he will be looking for another job.

"The popular idea that all waiters are rich is all wrong. The average waiter gets about \$5 or \$8 a week, and some of them get less. The man that leaves a quarter in the tray is really giving the waiter about 6 cents."—Chicago Tribune.

Letters and Postage Stamps.

"Strange ideas some people have about postage," said the clerk who opens the mail. "Yes. See this letter here with three one-cent stamps on it and stamped 'sent due' that's a case in point. The writer of that letter thought that perhaps it weighed a little over an ounce, a little more than would go for 2 cents, and so he put on a little more postage—1 cent more—

which he thought would cover it, when the fact is that it required an additional two-cent stamp. Of course you know that letter postage is not fractional, but that it goes in multiples of two. If a letter weighs over 30 little over an ounce it requires an additional two-cent stamp. But not everybody seems to know this, and so we sometimes get letters like this one with a little more postage for a little more weight."—New York Sun.

Jenkins' Ear.

There was a war known as "the war of Jenkins' ear." It came about in the following way. In the year 1731 an English merchant vessel was boarded by a Spanish gunship, and the captain, one Robert Jenkins, was most cruelly used, one of his ears being torn off in the scuffle. Obtaining no redress by appealing to his government, he appeared before parliament in 1782, when the convention of the Paro was so excitedly discussed that war followed. Jenkins' story was verified by the admiralty records so recently as 1880.—Exchange.

Definition of an Ohm.

An ohm, as defined by the international congress on electrical units and standards, is the resistance offered to the passage of an electric current by a column of mercury of uniform cross section having a mass of 253.0245 grams and a height of .11333 inches at the temperature of melting ice.

In the bureau of standards at Washington are four standard ohms so perfectly made and kept that when tested recently their average deviation from their mean value was less than .0001 ohm.

Music and Dancing.

It does not follow that in order to write successful dance music a person must be an expert dancer. It is said that, though Johann Strauss and his family wrote dance music for three or four generations, not one of them could dance a step.

Musical.

When a person learns to pronounce Wagner as "Vagner" and Chopin as "Sho-pang" and calls his "chello" he feels that he thoroughly understands the classics of music.—Marion News.

Man and Trouble.

Only two kinds of people in the world, the man whose troubles are bigger than he and the man who is bigger than his troubles.—Milwaukee Journal.

"Ice Sea," She Laughed.

Wife—Tom, you don't treat me to tea half as often as you used to. Bob—Marriage, my dear, makes necessary the practice of frugal economy.—Boston Transcript.

Make the most of them; it gives away so fast. But method teaches you to gain them.—Gotha.

MOSES AND SANITATION.

Ancient Laws as Effective as Modern Rules of Hygiene.

There has been gathered a collection of facts to prove that the sanitary laws of Moses were not only on a line with the modern rules of hygiene, but in some cases in advance of them.

The law, thousands of years before Christ, referring to a semitropical country, was forbidden to eat pork or shell fish, and milk was designated as a source of contagion. In the "Palmist" a method of slaughtering animals was prescribed which is acknowledged today in our markets as the most satisfactory.

Five thousand years before Koch gave to the world the results of his researches in bacteriology the Mosaic law pointed out the danger to man from tuberculosis in cattle, but did not forbid infected poultry as food. It was only a few years ago that German specialists discovered that fowl tuberculosis was harmless to man.

The Mosaic law also enforced the isolation of patients with contagious diseases and the burial of the dead outside all cities. These hints the Gentile world did not fully accept until a century or two ago.

The law likewise prescribed not only fasting at certain periods of the year, but the removal of all families, in summer out to camps, where for a time they could live close to nature. Many of the laws of Moses were prescriptions intended for the health of both mind and body.—Boston Transcript.

NO EXCUSE FOR "AIN'T."

It Is About the Worst Contraction in the English Language.

"Ain't" is an improper abbreviation of "are not." British writers spell it "aint," which properly indicates its derivation. Americans make it an inclusive offense, using it for "am not" and "is not," as well as for "are not." It is unquestionably the worst instance of slovenliness in the common speech of today.

Yet it is by no means universal or even common use. It will slip occasionally from refined lips, always with a jar to the enunciator, as well as to the hearer. But the habitual user of "ain't" is careless of refinement. He may be an excellent citizen who never beats his wife nor kicks the cat. But there is likely to be something slanted about him somewhere. For "ain't" is needless, as well as cacophonous. It fills no void and supplies no need.

English observers complain superciliously of the laxness of American speech. American observers who have listened to the marvels of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Devonshire and other shire dialects are inclined to resent any assumption of British superiority. But it is none the less desirable to eliminate our own linguistic slum, and of these "ain't" is the most deplorable.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Awkward.

A visitor to a hospital for soldiers was surprised to hear one of the patients being addressed by the nurses by his Christian name, it being customary to address patients by their surnames only. Upon inquiry as to why this distinction was accorded to the particular soldier referred to the reply received was:

"Well, we can't very well call him by his surname."

"But why not?" queried the somewhat astonished visitor.

"You see," was the overwhelming answer, "his surname is Love, and it's rather awkward."—London Tit-Bits.

Why Mosquitoes Like Blood.

The fact that mosquitoes so continually harass rich blooded creatures is due to the fact that they cannot lay eggs without the albuminous food which is thus obtained. In tropical countries the greatest enemy of the malaria bearing mosquito is a species of bat which is protected from the insect's bite by its strangely shaped hairs.

The bat is very swift of flight, and the mosquitoes, especially those which have already made a supper of blood, are their ideal food.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Japanese Needlewoman.

The daughters of the land of flowers sometimes curiously reverse European methods. They needle their thread instead of threading their needles, and instead of running their needle through the cloth they hold it still and run the cloth upon it. An English lady long resident in Tokyo once wrote to a friend that the impulse of her Japanese maids is always to sew on cuff frills and other similar things topsy turvy and inside out.

Two Important Matters.

"Now, Kittle, do you know enough to keep your mouth shut?" asked the fashionable woman of the girl she was about to engage.

"Well, ma'am, I know enough to all right, but the question is, Do I get enough wages to encourage me to?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Selfishness.

The selfish man suffers more from his selfishness than he from whom that selfishness withholds some important benefit.—Emerson.

Regrets.

For all we know, the gaudy butterfly may have moments in which it regrets the fine times it had as a caterpillar.—Puck.

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.—Wordsworth.

Life's Dream.

Life is but a light dream, which soon vanishes. To live is to suffer. The sincere man struggles incessantly to gain the victory over himself.—Napoleon.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

ONCE A SOVEREIGN STATE.

Now Noli Is Simply a Fishing Village With a Past.

One of the oddest and quaintest little independent states that ever existed in Europe—the tiny republic of Noli, founded before Rome and undisturbed by thirty-four centuries until Napoleon swept away its privileges—is today merely a fishing village near Genoa, but it is full of reminders of its former greatness and affords a wonderful glimpse of medieval times. Destroyed by the Centurians in 217 B. C., and who have long been by subsequent wars, there existed no link to her power of recovery.

This quaint little fishing village maintained itself as a sovereign state for centuries, took a prominent part in the quarrels of Guelphs and Ghibellines, sent highly warlike to the Crusades, commanded the interest of emperors and popes and only succumbed at last to the attacks of Napoleon. Dante planned his never forlorn little city by consigning Noli to his "Purgatory."

Everybody is rich in this poor man's paradise, says the White World Magazine. During the last month it is not rare for the 120 boats to earn \$1000 in a night, or \$1500 in a season. Through this alone a man earns far more than a clerk, teacher or lawyer in "America" to keep up. Under these happy conditions he soon acquires land and houses, which afford a steady revenue while he sleeps or fishes. The catch here has only to be scratched in the soil and so abundant the water.

PERILOUS ATHLETICS.

Sport That Wracks the Heart on Evil To Be Avoided.

"No one will gainsay the value and pleasure of outdoor exercise graduated to suit the needs of every individual throughout life," says the Journal of the American Medical Association, "but the species of overdoing called for in the intense competition of the great contests of our schools and colleges can no longer be defended by platitudes regarding the alleged psychological value of its competitive features. The time has come when statistics regarding latent athletic injuries must be reckoned with and the lives of our youths safeguarded by making a distinction between sane sport and insane participation in the intolerable strain of competitive games of the extreme type."

The same paper says the authorities of colleges need to be reminded in an emphatic way, in the words of Dr. R. N. Wilson of Philadelphia, that "no form of athletic event is sane that demands of the participants the semiconscious state of heart exhaustion at its conclusion."

And it denounces the daredevil forms of "sport" that depend for their thrill on nearest possible approach to death by the actors in them, such, for example, as "kicking the hoop" in an airplane or driving a motorcar a hundred miles an hour. Such, it says, are not sport, but degeneracy.

A Strange Situation.

"Humor is a very funny thing," said Binks.

"It ought to be," said the philosopher.

"Oh, I don't mean that way," said Binks.

"I mean that it is a strange thing. Now, I can't speak French, but I can always understand a French joke, and I can speak English, but I'm blessed if I can see an English joke."

"Most people are," said the philosopher.

"Are what?" said Binks.

"Blessed if they can see an English joke," said the philosopher. "It is a sign of an unusually keen vision."

Force of the Imagination.

There is a story of a man who was tied up in a dark room and informed that he was to be put to death by bleeding. His tormentors made a small incision in his neck and arranged for a stream of lukewarm water to trickle down his back for fifteen minutes. At the end of fifteen minutes the man died of exhaustion. He had not lost a drop of blood, but he thought he had. Such is the power of suggestion.—London Saturday Review.

Disraeli's Humor.

I was introduced by particular request to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle—included, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled and of which I can convey no idea. She told me she liked "silent, melancholy men." I answered that I had no doubt of it.—Letter of Benjamin Disraeli to His Sister.

Different Effects.

"The same thing will make entirely different impressions on different readers," remarked the man who writes.

"Quite so," replied the lawyer. "Letters which bring tears to a girl's eyes frequently make a jury laugh."—Washington Star.

Paraguay Lace.

Lace making was taught the natives of Paraguay by missionaries two centuries ago. Today in all towns of 8000 inhabitants many of the men and nearly all the women and children make lace collars, handkerchiefs and ladies' ties.

Accomplished.

Blobs—I never knew such a liar as Longwood. Slobs—Yes. That fellow could actually eat an onion and lie out of it.—Philadelphia Record.

Diversity of opinion proves that things are only what we think them.—Montaigne.

Quick Lunch Episode.

"You tip the waiter, and I don't," "Well?"

"Yet he gave us both the same amount of clam chowder."

"You are insouciant, my friend. He did not pour from the top and mine from the bottom, where the ingredients are."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE FIRST SKYSCRAPER.

It Was Designed by a Savvy Architect Three Centuries Ago.

Credit for the first skyscraper built in this country is generally conceded to Chicago. It was built in the "loop district" of that city in 1885 from plans by Holabird & Roche. The first example of lofty building in New York city was the structure at 59 Broadway, designed by Bradford Lee Gilbert in 1852. A few years later both these structures became insignificant and practically forgotten because they were so greatly outdone by succeeding skyscrapers. But these were not the initial efforts, for a skyscraper was designed nearly three centuries ago, many generations before the discovery of the steel cage system of this day.

Jacquet Perret, an architect of Chambery, Savoy, is the accredited author of plans for an eleven-story building, 221 feet in height, which must have had twice the space between floors, for today eleven stories are crowded within a height of 150 feet. Perret's building was planned to be 167 feet long and 140 feet wide, with supporting walls twelve feet thick at the base.

While never executed, the project of Perret in many ways was a remarkable prophetic vision. Evidently it was intended for dwelling purposes, for in describing the project he wrote, "This great and excellent edifice can accommodate comfortably 600 people."—New York Post.

INDELIBLE MARKING.

Advantages of Using Just Ordinary Blueprint Solution.

There are many occasions upon which it is necessary to mark linen or wearing apparel indelibly with one's name and address, yet the ink sold for this purpose is not always convenient to use or attractive in appearance, says the American Boy.

A very good substitute is the ordinary blueprint powder, sold by any photographic dealer, a thick solution being made and used just as the ordinary ink would be. Instead of fixing this by the use of a hot iron, it is made permanent simply by washing in several changes of cold water. When thoroughly fixed the writing will appear in a very pretty shade of blue. Should you prefer, a rubber stamp may be used instead of a pen. In this case a little glycerine should be mixed with the solution, which should be spread upon a clean cloth or blotter. This is then used as an ink pad for the stamp.

Aside from its convenience marking with blue print solution has the advantage that traces of the writing or any stains caused by it may be removed if desired by the application of a solution of ammonia.

Gagadig Gligadab.

There was a quail old man in Manchester, England, who for many years went by the unique name of Gagadig Gligadab. His original name was John Smith, and for many years he brooded over the possibilities of mistaken identity involved in it. The name figured frequently in criminal records, and he became abnormally apprehensive lest he might be confused with some of the bad John Smiths. At last what he feared so much actually happened. One morning the papers reported the arrest of an accountant in a bank for embezzlement, and through some blunder of the reporter the identity of the embezzler was confused with the subject of this article, who was also a bank accountant. Then and there he determined to assume a name like unto no other ever borne by mortal man, and in Gagadig Gligadab most people will agree that he succeeded in so doing.

Excitement.

People who easily get excited don't usually live nearly so long as people who keep calm. Excitement, in fact, wastes the vitality and affects one's health to a very great extent. This is true, too, of all who seek excitement, whether physical or mental. Excitement makes the pulse beat above the ordinary rate, and one's reserve of energy is used up so much the quicker. Occasional excitement, however, is very good for one's health, especially where the pulse is slow, but the natural condition of the body should be one of calmness and regularity.

Modern Efficiency.

"I don't see how Adele could possibly stop to get married. She has such a passion for traveling."

"But she did it to save time."

"How's that?"

"She married a shipping clerk and now he packs all her trunks for her."—Judge.

He Wants Aerobatic.

Miss Prue Dent—Papa says you are imprudent and that he will never consent to my marrying a man unable to make both ends meet. Orville Hardoppe—Well, I'm afraid I shall never be able to do so. I'm no contortionist. Good evening.

Tough That Failed.

Mrs. Winks—It was a touching story that that poor man told you, wasn't it? Mr. Winks—Well, he thought it would enable him to touch me for \$10, but it didn't.—Somerville Journal.

Those Husbands.

He—Where does your wife carry her street car fare? His Neighbor—In the other woman's purse. Honest, though, you'd think she wanted to pay it.—Judge.

It is sad to love and be unloved, but sadder still to be unable to love.—Mae Lathrop.

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For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears

the

Signature of

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A LITERARY RIDDLE.

Why Does a Woman Write Differently From a Man?

Why is it that you can always tell a story written by a man from one written by a woman? I saw the thing put to a rather severe test with a man's last month, with results that were startling.

Ten men and women, all of whom do considerable novel writing, had had dinner together. One of the men asked the question I put at the top of these paragraphs. He was in his own home and went to some trouble to prove that the sex of authors is an easy thing to determine.

Going to each of the nine others a pencil and piece of paper, the host proceeded to read extracts from twenty different books and magazines, selecting parts in which proper names would not identify the story. As he read each person wrote down his guess as to whether the author was a man or a woman.

Of the 180 answers made by the nine persons to the twenty tests all but eight were correct. As he kept the books from which he read concealed it was impossible to get aid with the eye.

But, although everybody guessed right almost every time, no one could give a good definition of the common dream. Why does a woman write differently from a man?—Philadelphia Ledger.

INFLAMMABLE BONUS.

Substances Used in the Making of These Deadly Explosives.

The incendiary bomb used by the Zergs in aircraft, as a rule, is composed of ten inch diameter of the heavy wrapped round with tared rope and having a metal handle at the apex. The base is a flat cap, into which a pierced metal funnel is fitted, having the ignition device and handle fitted at the top.

The funnel is generally filled with thermite. The latter, upon ignition, generates intense heat and by the fume of the concussion has taken the form of molten metal, having the extraordinary high temperature of 6,000 degrees F. The molten metal is spread by the concussion.

Outside the funnel is a padding of a highly inflammable or resinous material, bound on with an inflammable form of rope. The resinous material creates a pungent smoke.

There is generally some melted white phosphorus in the bottom of the cap, which develops noxious fumes. In some cases celluloid chipmunks are added, and occasionally a small quantity of gasoline.—Philadelphia Press.

Buildings.

Buildings are contrivances which surround trouble, despair, pleasure, entertainment, business, indolence and plumbing.

Buildings are built with brick, mortar, cement, wood, steel and mortgages. It also takes sand to build buildings, but they should not be built on sand.

Some buildings are public and some are private. Public buildings are usually very imposing, and usually the public has been imposed upon to build them. Private buildings are frequently private in name only, especially if occupied by several inquisitive women. Such buildings are made up of a large number of stories and most of them are without foundation.

Rats, mice, fire, earthquakes and rent collectors are buildings' worst enemies.—Judge.

Long Days on Uranus.

Uranus can be claimed for a British planet. It was discovered at Bath in 1781 by the elder Sir William Herschel, the musician who became private astronomer to George III. Uranus is so distant from us and has an atmosphere so dense that little is known about the rotation, position of the axis or number of the satellites. But the inhabitants, if they exist, may console themselves for living in a temperature approaching zero with the fact that they can seldom be dunned for income tax, because their year contains more than 30,000 days.—London Mail.

The Bull of Perillus.

Perillus of Athens is said to have invented for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigento, 570 B. C., a brazen bull which opened on the side to admit victims who were to be roasted by the fire which was built underneath. The dying groans of the sufferers resembled closely the roaring of a mad bull. Phalaris greatly admired the invention and by way of test roasted the inventor first. Later the populace rose in rebellion and burned Phalaris.

Venison.

The prime joint of venison is undoubtedly the haunch, though a shoulder or neck of venison properly cooked is a very toothsome dish. The loin is best cut up into chops and cutlets, the breast being only suitable for soups, ragouts and pie.

Valuable Ground.

Edythe—Did the duke say he loved you? Kate—He said he loved the ground I walked on. Edythe—Where were you when he said it? Kate—Out visiting papa's gold mine.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Diplomatic.

Father—Can the girl you are court-ing take a good batch of bread? Son—I can tell you for the fact that she can bake the dough all right.—Baltimore American.

Held Faithfulness and Sincerity as the First Principles.

Slavery is the way of heaven.—Confucius.

Buried Alive.

In the early history of Japan it was distinctly a duty to bury the dead related to any person of note, for one of the laws at that time decreed that when a person of rank or importance died all his relatives were bound to be buried alive in a coffin with the dead. The bodies were left above the earth and then they remained until violent death came to free them.

GREAT SALT LAKE.

Its Water Is Saline Simply Because It Has No Outlet.

Great Salt Lake has no outlet. The Jordan river, which enters it from the south, is the outlet of Utah Lake. Bear river, coming from the north, carries the outflow from Bear Lake. The waters of Utah and Bear lakes and of Jordan and Bear rivers are fresh, and so is the water of Weber river, the third great tributary of Great Salt Lake, but the lake into which the three rivers flow is saline. It is saline because it has no outlet.

The fresh waters of the rivers contain some saline matter, but the quantity is too small to be discovered by taste.

As stated by the chemist, in parts per million, the quantity seems minute, but when account is taken of the total volume of water brought by the streams to the lake in a year their burden of saline matter is found to be really great, amounting annually to more than 50,000 tons.

Year by year and century by century the water which they pour into the lake is evaporated, but the dissolved solids cannot escape in that way and therefore remain.

They have accumulated until the lake water is approximately saturated, holding nearly as much mineral matter as it can retain in solution. The lake contains over 100,000,000 tons of calcium salt and potassium ions of glauber salt (sodium sulphate) as well as other mineral matter.—New York Telegram.

ROMANCE OF THE BAHAMAS.

Life in Nassau Was Once a "Purple Prince's Thing."

During the American war between the states Nassau of the Bahamas was very much on the tongue of men, as the devil may care disposition of cotton—banned cotton, whereby hangs many a dashing sea story, some of which you can still hear from the lips of the men who took part in them.

The whole history of the Bahamas, since Columbus made his first landing in the western seas on Walling's Island, has been a fantastic record of desperate opportunism. The probe of "legitimate" business has seldom dined the edge of precautions properly on these desolate islands, whose very existence still seems at the swinging mercy of the sea.

Buccaneers, wrecking and blockade running—no more tedious employ than these masculine professions occupied the Bahamians for generations, and so long as there were merchandise to be hoarded or scuttled, rich cargoes to be harvested from the white fanged reefs or cotton to be run to Washington at a profit of \$100,000 the trip life in Nassau was a purple princely thing, and even the schoolboys in Hay street played pitch and toss with gold.—Michael Le Gallienne in Harper's Magazine.

Burial Customs of the Hittites.

Charles M. Cole,

PHARMACIST

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